

Archie
ADVENTURE
SERIES

NO.
135 US \$2.19



SEGA

SONIC

TM

THE HEDGEHOG



SPARZ
SANSER
KIBEIRO

SONIC THE HEDGEHOG AGENT OF K.N.O.T.H.O.L.E.

"WALKING THROUGH SAND-BLOWN WINDS ON THIS DRY AND ROCKY LAND, I ENTER THE DERELICT TOWN OF GRAVESTONE IN THE FORBIDDEN ZONE."

"THIS ZONE CONTINUES TO BE MY FAVORITE VACATION SPOT--**NOT!** IT FALLS UNDER ROBOTNIK'S JURISDICTION, BUT I DON'T THINK HE CARES ABOUT IT ONE BIT."

"OOPS, GET BACK INTO CHARACTER: THE FORBIDDEN ZONE...WITH ITS FORBIDDEN WAYS--"

NOK
NOK

"--AND ITS FORBIDDEN SECRETS."

SHAK

PASSWORD.

DOOM AND GLOOM.

SHAK

UH-OH--
DID I MESS
IT UP?

"COOL. SO FAR, THE
INFO I GOT IS ON
THE UP AND UP."

"I KEEP FORGETTING
TO STAY IN MY SPY
CHARACTER..."

"...AND LIKE A GOOD SPY:
I SCAN THE ROOM AND
TRY TO SEE IF THERE IS
ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS."

"BUT IN A PLACE LIKE THIS,
EVERYTHING IS SUSPICIOUS...
FROM THE SEEDY ATMOSPHERE
TO THE DARK EYES OF THE
PATRONS THAT LOOK MY WAY."

"THIS PLACE IS FREQUENTED
BY MOBIANS WHO HAVE NOT
DEFECTED INTO THE KINGDOM
OF KNOTHOLE. THEY KEEP TO
THEMSELVES, NOT WANTING TO
GET INVOLVED, HOPING THE
EVIL DESPOT WILL NOT NOTICE
THEM."

"AT LAST I FIND
MY CONTACT...
CORNER OF THE
ROOM...
AT THAT BOOTH."

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PROGRESS
REPORT!

Y-YES,
SIR.


NEW MEGAOPOLIS— CAPITAL OF THE EGGMAN EMPIRE



THE EXPERIMENT
DIDN'T GO WITHOUT
A HITCH AT FIRST--

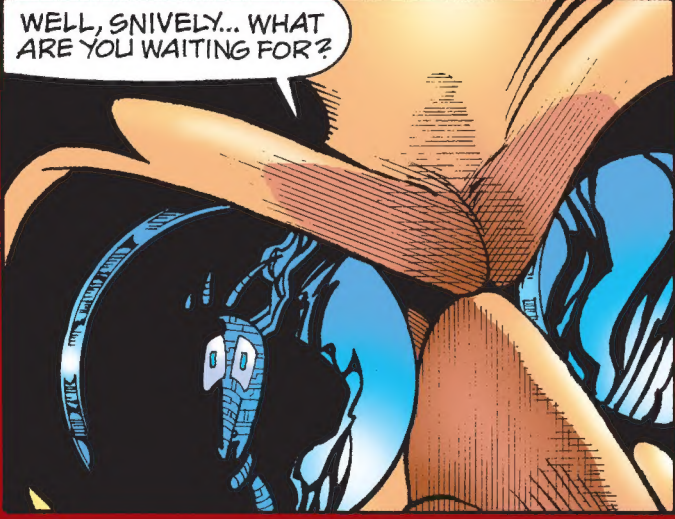
HOW
MANY?

AH...THE
FIRST 100 MODELS
MALFUNCTIONED,
SIR.

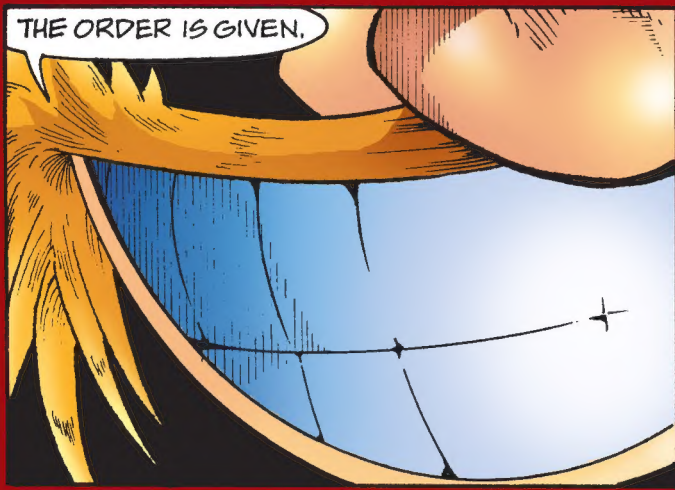


TELL ME THERE IS A
HAPPY ENDING TO ALL
THIS, SNIVELY...

YES, SIR, THERE IS.
MODEL NUMBER ONE ZERO ONE
PASSED ALL MANUFACTURING
SPECIFICATIONS. HE IS
READY TO BE DEPLOYED AT
YOUR COMMAND.

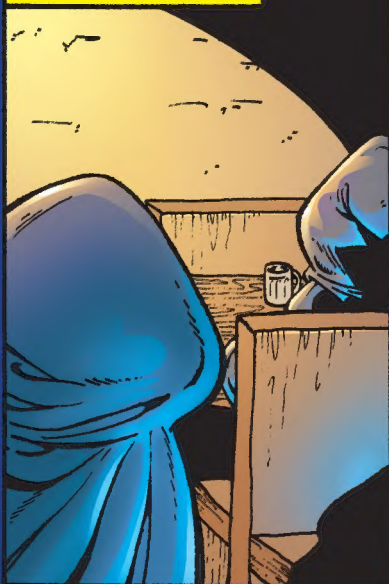


WELL, SNIVELY... WHAT
ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

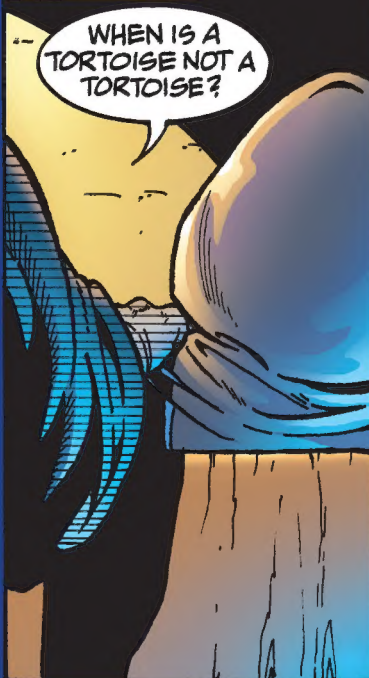


THE ORDER IS GIVEN.

"I WALK SLOWLY,
READY FOR THE
SLIGHTEST HINT
OF DANGER, MY
SENSES AT FULL
ALERT..."



"... AND NOW
THE CODE."



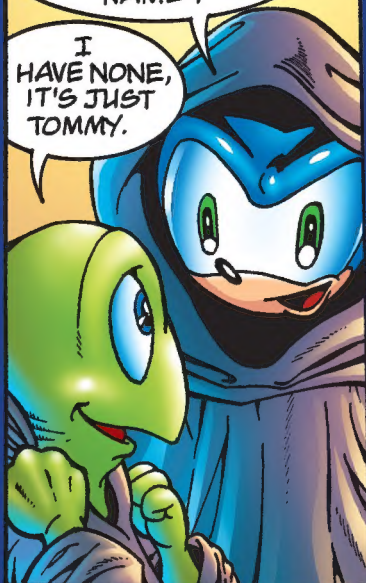
WHEN IS A
TORTOISE NOT A
TORTOISE?

WHEN HE'S A
TURTLE!



MY NAME IS HOG...
HEDGEHOG, AGENT OF
K.N.O.T.H.O.L.E.
WHAT'S YOUR CODE
NAME?

I
HAVE NONE,
IT'S JUST
TOMMY.



C'MON, TOMMY, YOU'VE
GOTTA MAKE IT A LITTLE
FUN. THE MOMENT I
WALKED IN HERE, I WAS
PRETENDING I WAS A SPY
BEHIND ENEMY LINES AND
THAT THIS MEETING IS TO
GET SOME TOP SECRET
INFORMATION.



BUT YOU
ARE... AND
THIS IS.

YOU
KNOW WHAT
I MEAN.

WHEN SALLY AND I FIRST
GOT YOUR MESSAGE, WE
COULD HARDLY BELIEVE
YOU WERE STILL ALIVE
AFTER THAT EXPLOSION.*

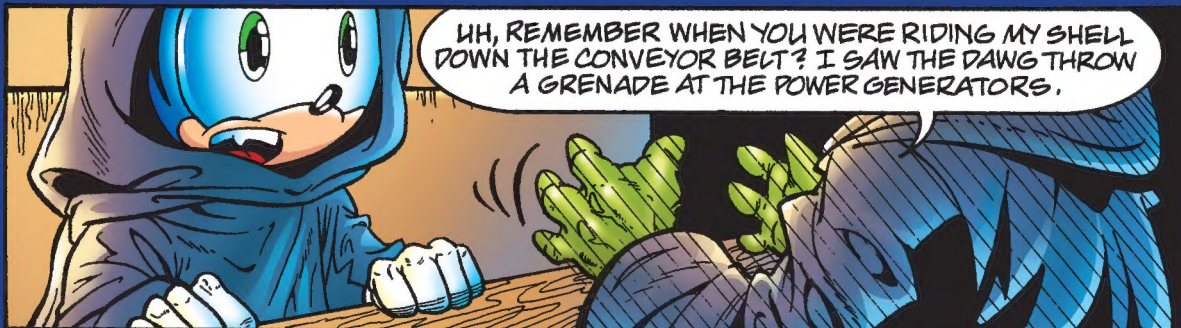
HOW'D
YOU MAKE
IT OUT OF
THERE?

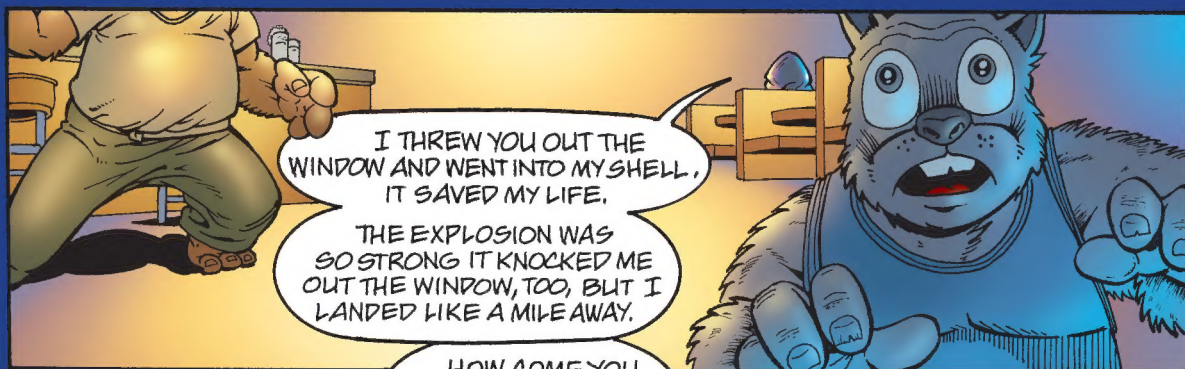
I
ALMOST
DIDN'T.



*TOMMY SAVED SONIC'S LIFE
FROM THAT SAME EXPLOSION
IN SONIC #117-- J.G.

UH, REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE RIDING MY SHELL
DOWN THE CONVEYOR BELT? I SAW THE DAWG THROW
A GRENADE AT THE POWER GENERATORS.





I THREW YOU OUT THE WINDOW AND WENT INTO MY SHELL. IT SAVED MY LIFE.

THE EXPLOSION WAS SO STRONG IT KNOCKED ME OUT THE WINDOW, TOO, BUT I LANDED LIKE A MILE AWAY.

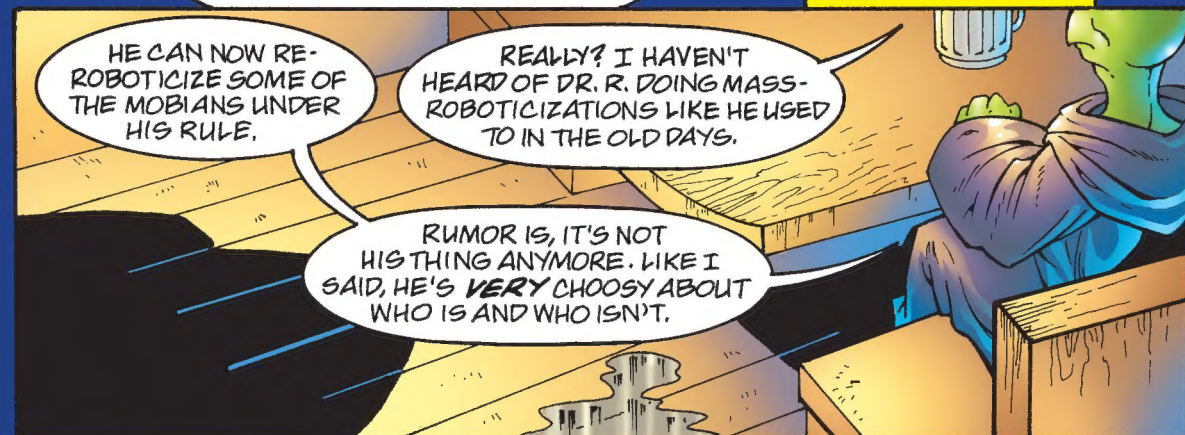
HOW COME YOU DIDN'T CONTACT US RIGHT AWAY?

I COULDN'T, I WAS PICKED UP BY THOSE ROBOTICIZED GOONS. ROBOTNIK SENT THEM OUTSIDE BEFORE THE PLACE BLEW.

ANYWAY, I WAS ABLE TO ESCAPE AND SENT YOU THAT CODED MESSAGE TO GET YOU HERE. I'VE GOTTA TELL YOU ABOUT SOME TOP SECRET STUFF I HEARD ROBOTNIK'S GOT GOING.

HE FOUND A WAY TO COUNTERACT THE DE-ROBOTICIZATION EFFECTS THAT THE ALIENS DID TO ALL THE ROBBIANS OF THE PLANET.*

* IN SONIC #123--J.G.



HE CAN NOW RE-ROBOTICIZE SOME OF THE MOBIANS UNDER HIS RULE.

REALLY? I HAVEN'T HEARD OF DR. R. DOING MASS-ROBOTICIZATIONS LIKE HE USED TO IN THE OLD DAYS.

RUMOR IS, IT'S NOT HIS THING ANYMORE. LIKE I SAID, HE'S *VERY* CHOOSY ABOUT WHO IS AND WHO ISN'T.



LET ME GUESS... YOUR FORMER FRIENDS HERE WERE SOME OF THE ONES CHOSEN.

≥GASP!≤
OH, NO!



DESIGNATION:
YOU ARE UNDER ARREST FOR
ILLEGAL ENTRANCE INTO THE
ROBOTNIK EMPIRE.

≡ YAWN ≡ WHO
PROGRAMS YOUR
SPEECH ?

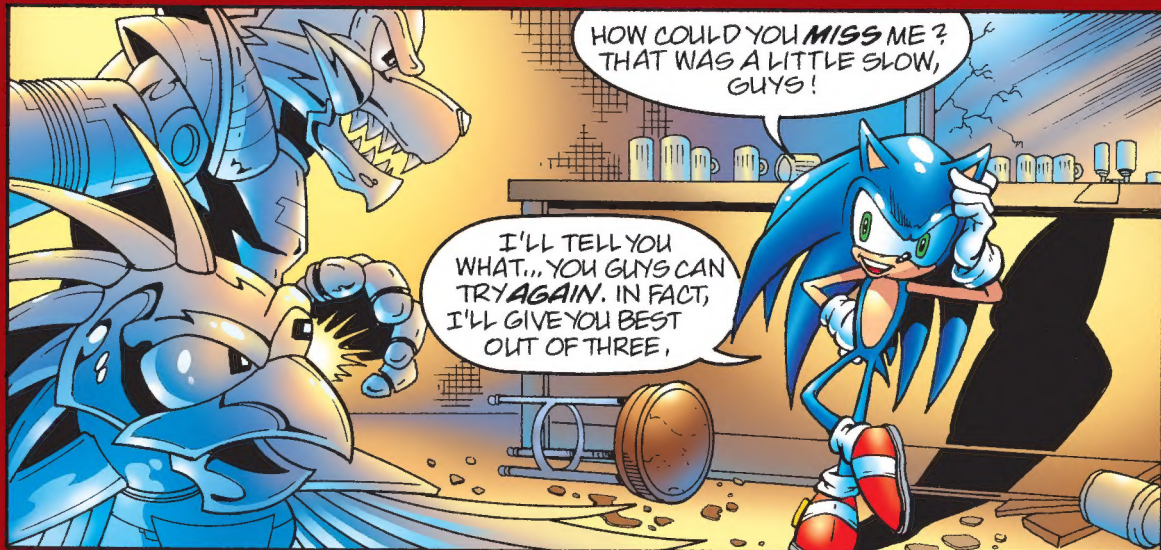
GOTTA GET HIM
TO HAVE YOU GUYS SAY
SOMETHING MORE MENACING
NEXT TIME,,, LIKE A GOOD
SPY VILLAIN WOULD.

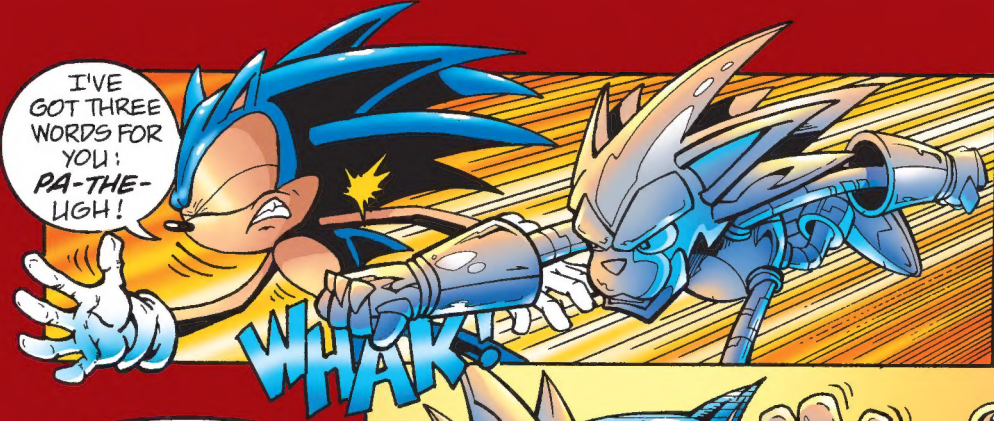
DESIGNATION:
TOMMY TURTLE, YOU
ARE UNDER ARREST
FOR ESPIONAGE.

SO, WHICH ONE OF
YOU GUYS PLAN TO
"DESIGNATE"
ME FIRST ?

I WILL!

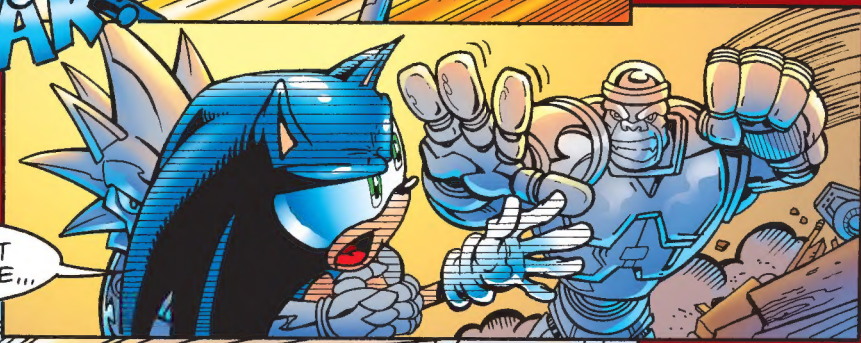
SLICE
THRASH!





I'VE GOT THREE WORDS FOR YOU: PA-THE-LIGH!

WHAK!



HEY, YOU LOST ALREADY. NO FAIR. I DON'T WANT TO PLAY WITH YOU ANYMORE--

-- I'LL JUST COMMENTATE...

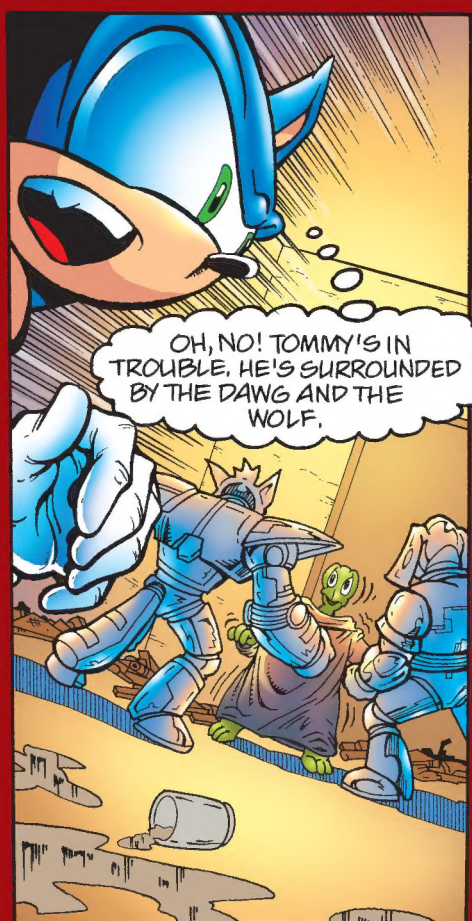


KA-KLANG!

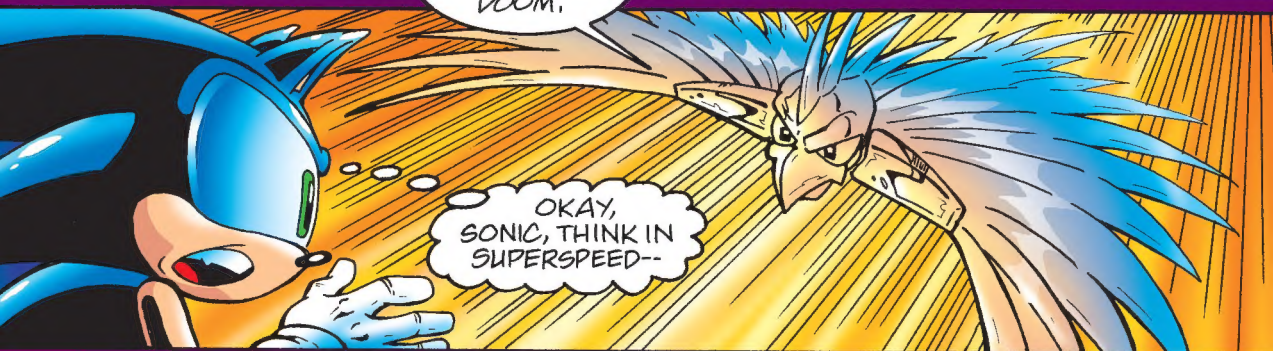
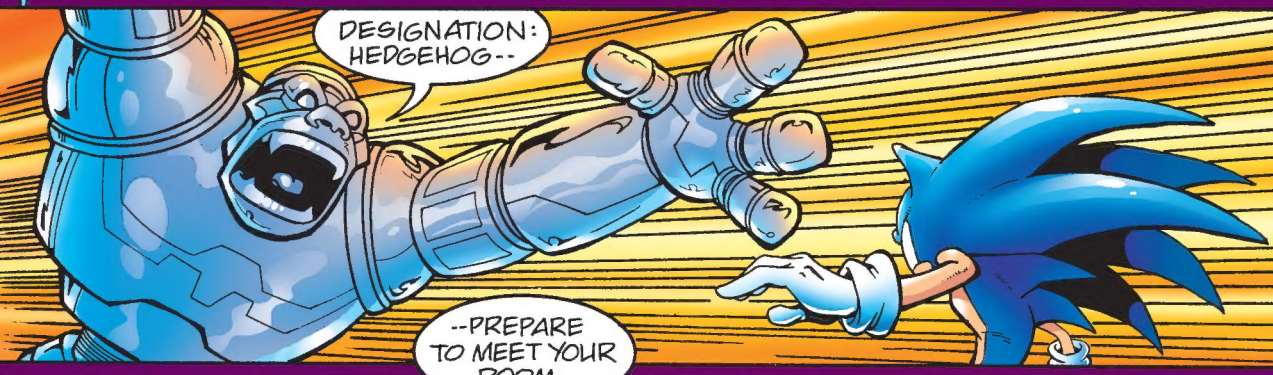
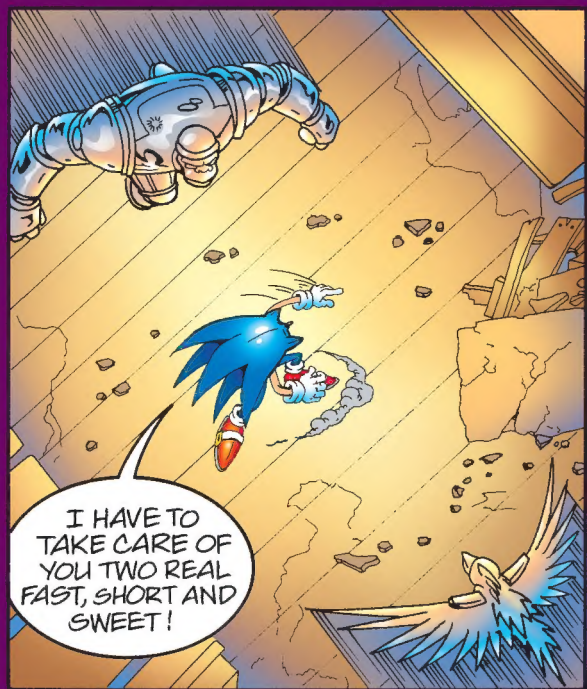
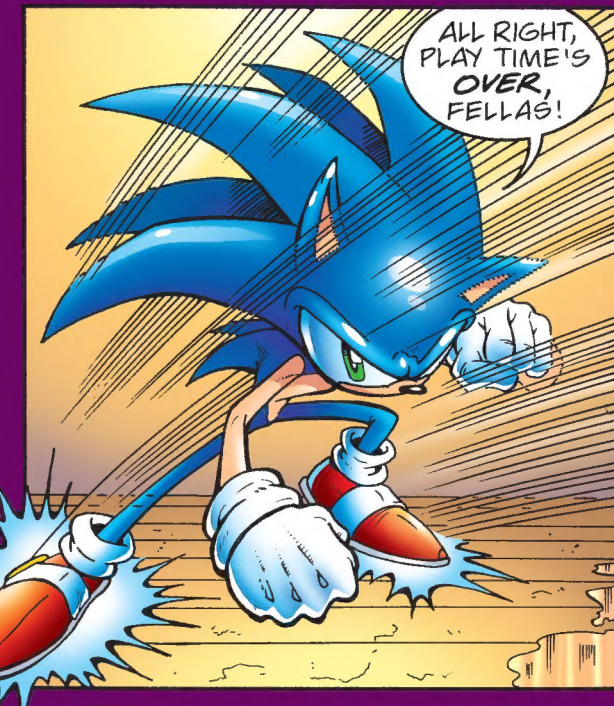
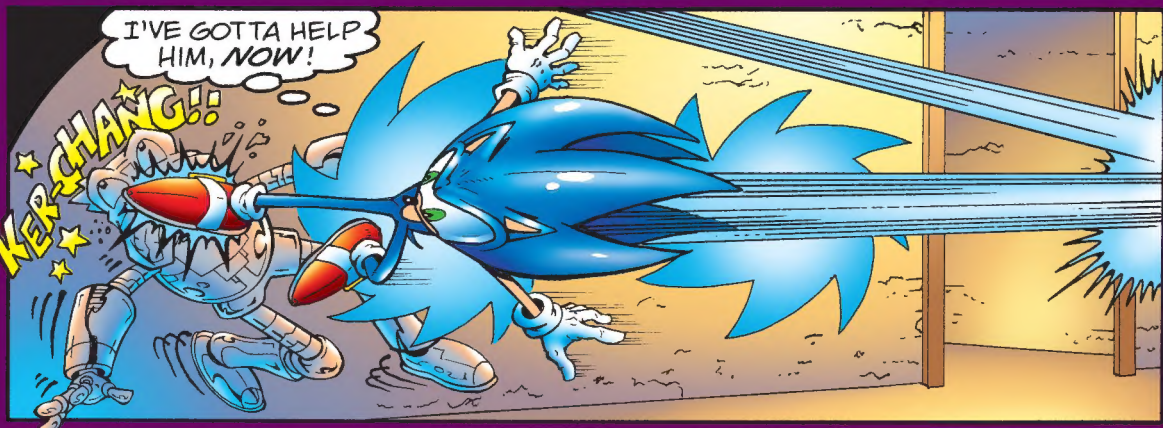


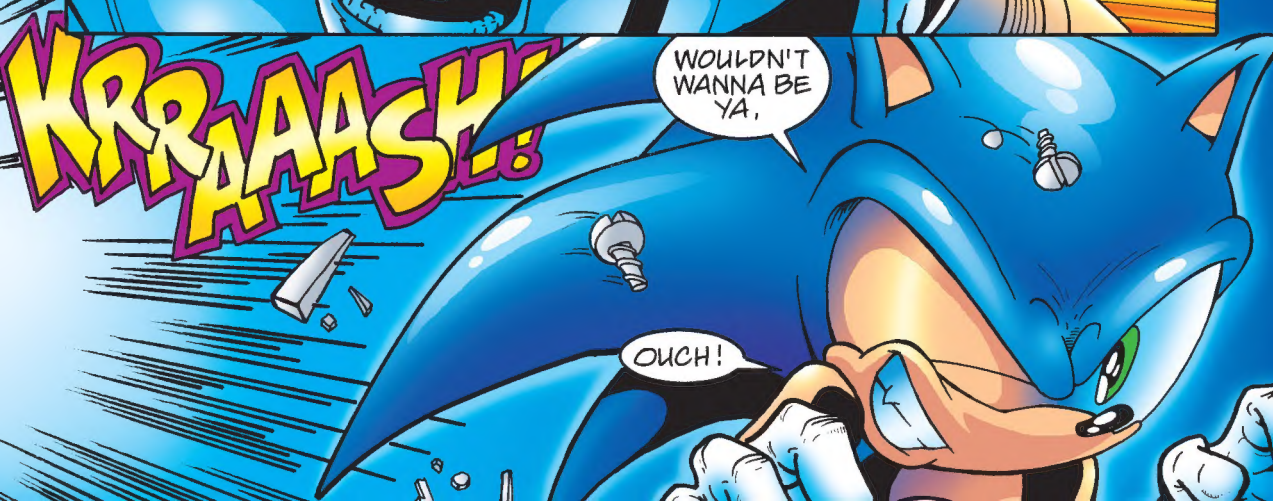
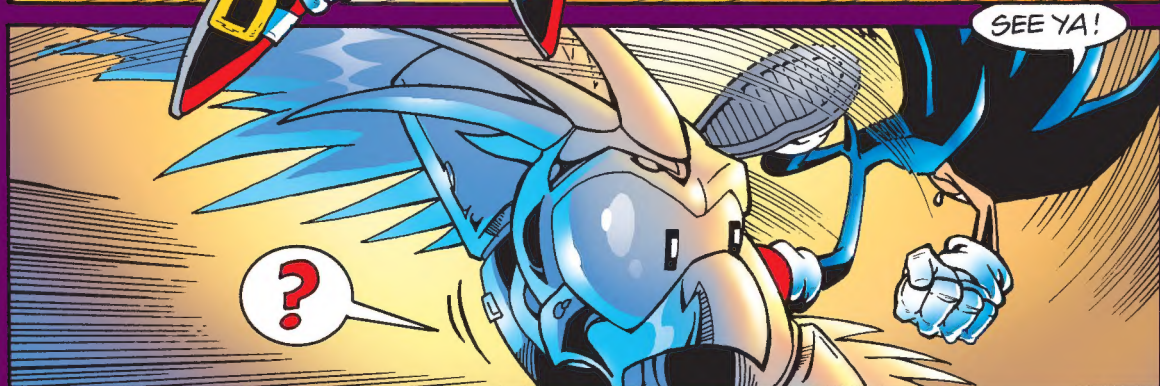
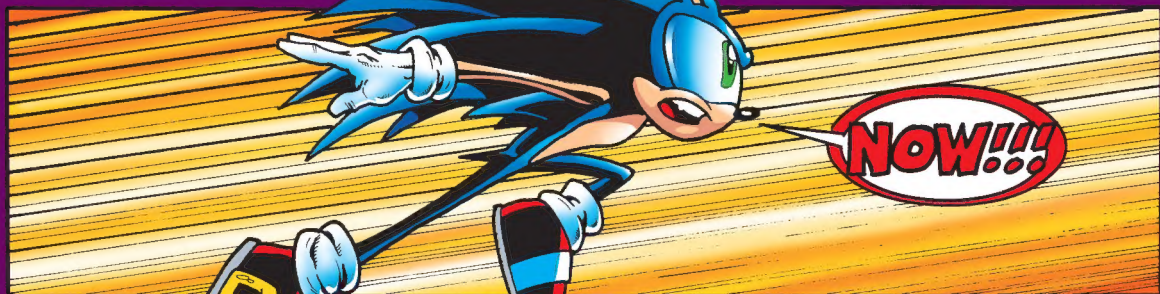
AND LIGHTNING LYNX TAKES A SHOT FROM SGT. SIMIAN.

LOOK AT THE AMAZING SPEED OF SONIC AS HE AVOIDS BOTH FLYING FROG AND PREDATOR HAWK USING HIS TRIPLE SONIC SPIN!



OH, NO! TOMMY'S IN TROUBLE. HE'S SURROUNDED BY THE DAWG AND THE WOLF.





AND
NOW TO
HELP--

TOMMY!?!

HEY,
SONIC!
YOU DID
IT!

B-BUT YOU WERE
SURROUNDED--WHAT
HAPPENED?

OH, ALL I DID WAS HOT-
WIRE THE TWO OF THEM
AND REPROGRAMMED THEM
TO GO AND JUMP INTO THE
NEAREST LAKE.

OH,
THAT'S
RICH.

I THINK
YOU'LL MAKE A
FINE ADDITION
TO THE FREEDOM
FIGHTERS.

C'MON,
TOMMY...LET'S
GET OUT OF THIS
JOINT!

"I ONLY WISH I COULD'VE
SEEN DRAGO AND THE DAWG
SHORT CIRCUIT THEMSELVES
AT THE LAKE."

--BZZT--
BZZZZTTT

END...?

FATHER, I WOULD NOT HAVE DISTURBED YOU IF I DID NOT THINK IT WAS WORTH THE ATTENTION OF YOUR GENIUS.

THIS BETTER BE **IMPORTANT**, A.D.A.M.! I HATE TO BE DISTURBED WHEN I'M **PLOTTING** MY NEXT GREAT PLAN TO TAKE BACK WHAT'S **MINE** FROM KING ACORN.

WHICH USED TO BE **HIS**. BUT THEN IT'S MY RULE THAT **REALLY** COUNTS.

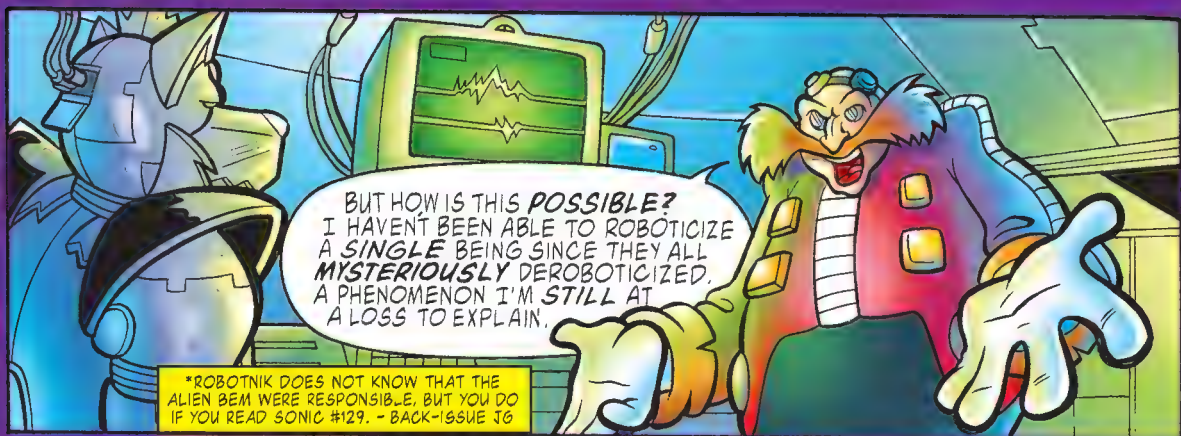
GENIUS, HUH? FLATTERY WILL GET YOU **EVERYWHERE**. I PROGRAMMED THIS BOY **TOO GOOD**.

AND THIS **ONE** IS GOING TO BE A **DOOZY**. ESPECIALLY WITH THE UNWITTING **HELP** OF ONE OF SONIC'S FRIENDS. **BWAH-HAHahaha!**

DOCTOR ROBOTNIK *in* ANONYMOUS

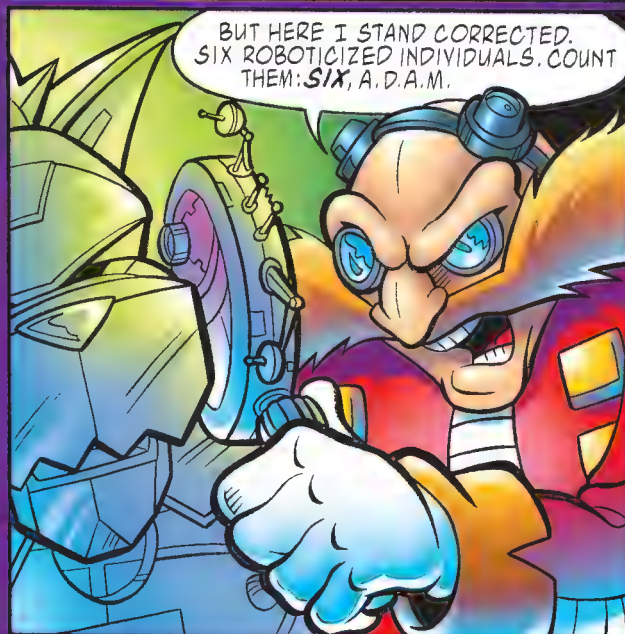
SO LET'S SEE WHAT I HAD TO COME LOOK AT WITH--
--MY OWN EYES!?!
ARE THEY WHAT I **THINK** THEY ARE?

YES. ROBOTICIZED VERSIONS OF DESIGNATIONS: DRAGO THE WOLF, SLEUTH DOGG, PREDATOR HAWK, LIGHTNING LYNX, FLYING FROG AND SGT. SIMIAN.

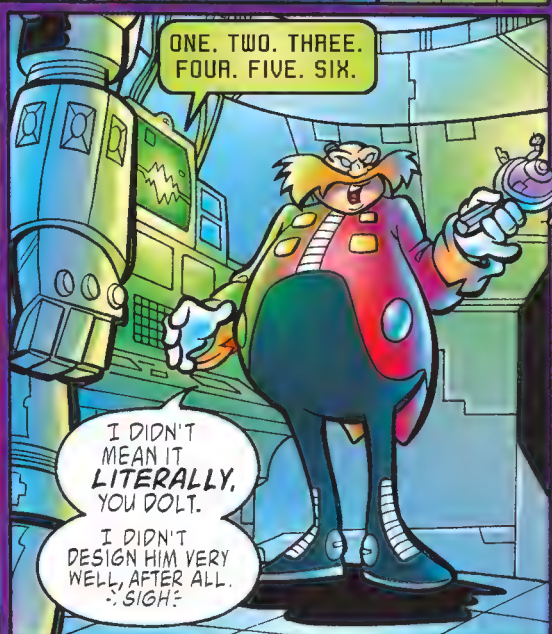


BUT HOW IS THIS *POSSIBLE*?
I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO ROBOTICIZE
A *SINGLE* BEING SINCE THEY ALL
MYSTERIOUSLY DEROBOTICIZED.
A PHENOMENON I'M *STILL* AT
A LOSS TO EXPLAIN.

*ROBOTNIK DOES NOT KNOW THAT THE
ALIEN BEEM WERE RESPONSIBLE, BUT YOU DO
IF YOU READ SONIC #129. - BACK-ISSUE J6



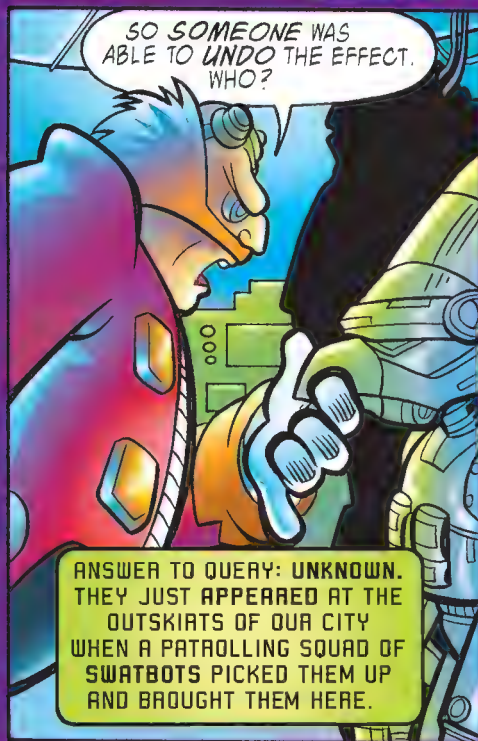
BUT HERE I STAND CORRECTED.
SIX ROBOTICIZED INDIVIDUALS. COUNT
THEM: *SIX*, A.D.A.M.



ONE. TWO. THREE.
FOUR. FIVE. SIX.

I DIDN'T
MEAN IT
LITERALLY,
YOU DOLT.

I DIDN'T
DESIGN HIM VERY
WELL, AFTER ALL.
..SIGH?



SO *SOMEONE* WAS
ABLE TO *UNDO* THE EFFECT.
WHO?

ANSWER TO QUERY: UNKNOWN.
THEY JUST APPEARED AT THE
OUTSKIRTS OF OUR CITY
WHEN A PATROLLING SQUAD OF
SWATBOTS PICKED THEM UP
AND BROUGHT THEM HERE.



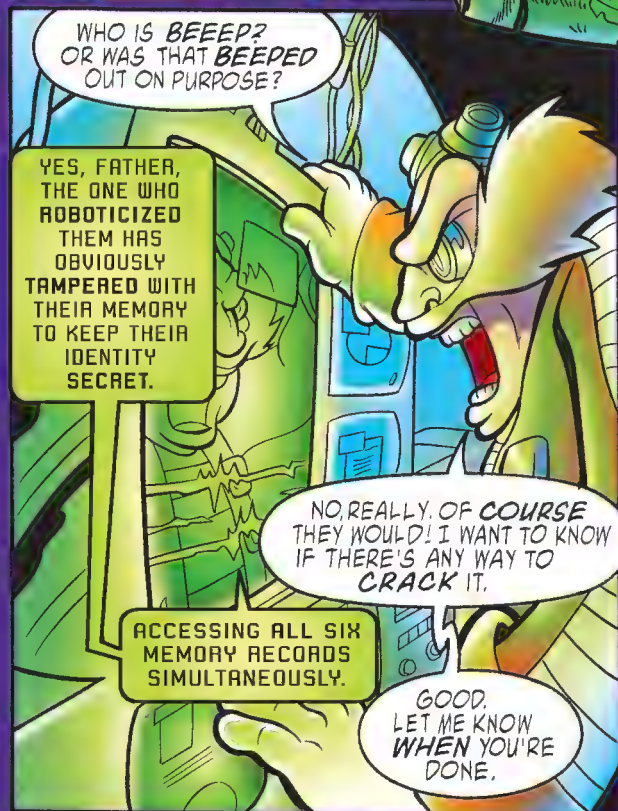
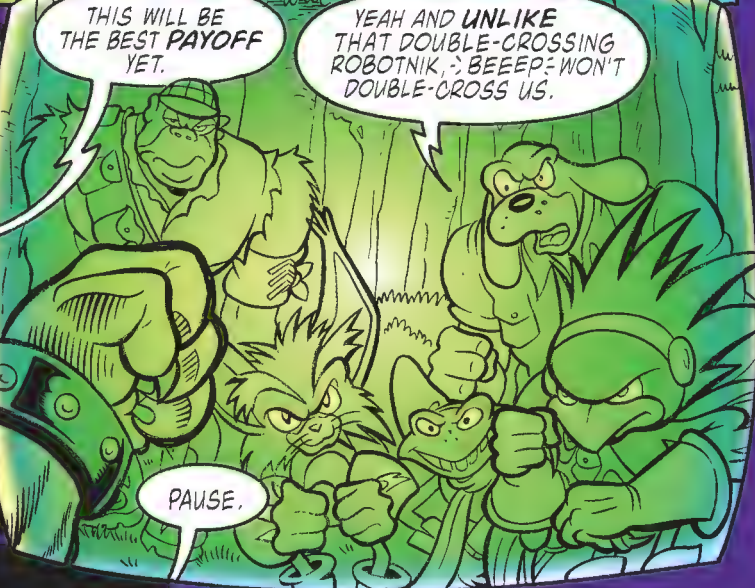
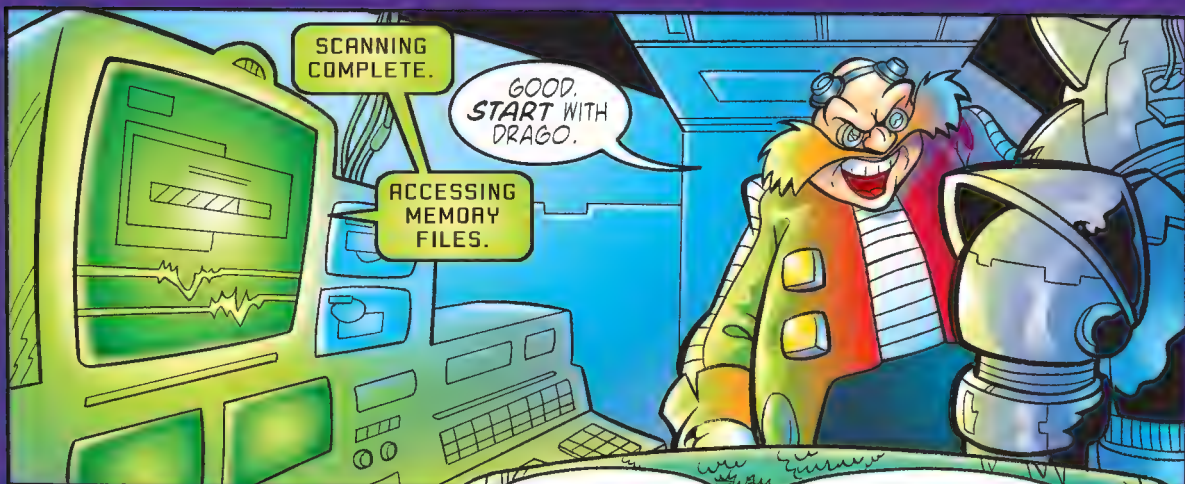
WELL, YOU DON'T HAVE TO *WAIT*
FOR ME TO TELL YOU TO *ACCESS* THEIR
MEMORY BANKS AND SCAN WHATEVER
INFORMATION YOU CAN ABOUT WHO
DID THIS TO THEM, *DO I*?

PROBABILITY OF
SUCH AN ORDER: 99.9%.
SCANNING DATABANKS
COMMENCED ON ALL
SIX ROBBIANS THE
MOMENT THEY ARRIVED.
IT WILL BE COMPLETED
IN 1.2 MINUTES!

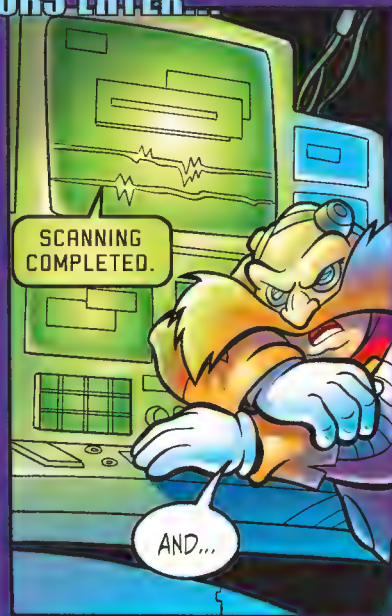
EXCELLENT.
ABOUT THE DESIGN
COMMENT, I TAKE
IT *BACK*.

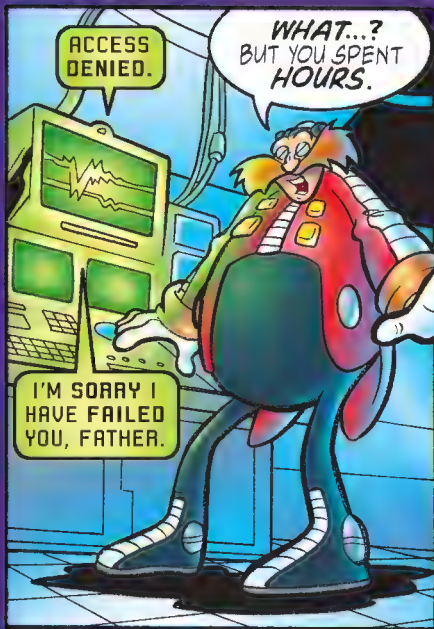
THANK YOU,
FATHER.

DON'T
MENTION IT.
EVER.



HOURS LATER...





ACCESS DENIED.

WHAT...?
BUT YOU SPENT
HOURS.

I'M SORRY I
HAVE FAILED
YOU, FATHER.



I WILL BEGIN A SELF-DESTRUCT
COUNTDOWN OF MY HARD DRIVE AS
PUNISHMENT FOR MY FAILURE--

BELAY THAT
ORDER, NO ONE
GETS TO **DESTROY**
YOU BUT **ME**,
GOT IT?

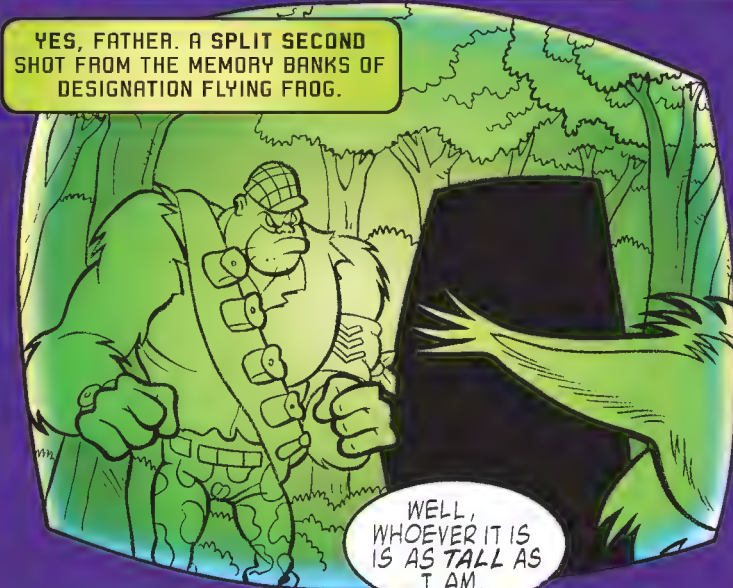


I-I HAVE TO **CONCEDE**,
AS IMPOSSIBLE AS IT MAY BE
THAT WHOEVER THIS IS--

--RIVALS MY **LEVEL**
OF TECHNOLOGICAL
INTELLIGENCE.

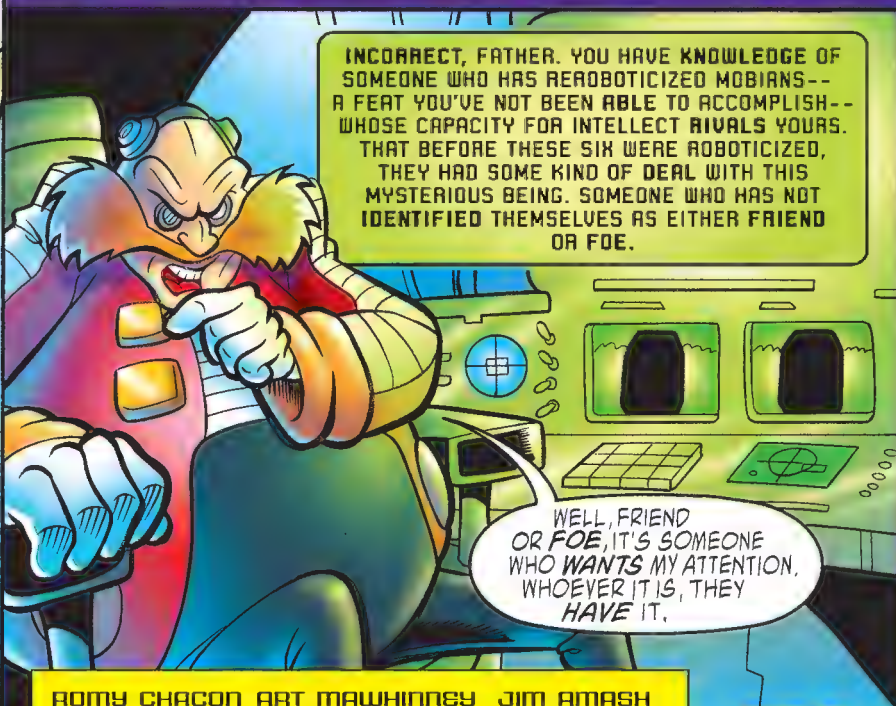
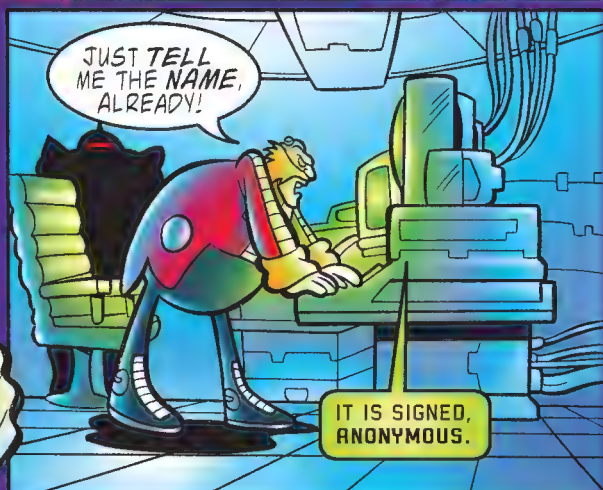
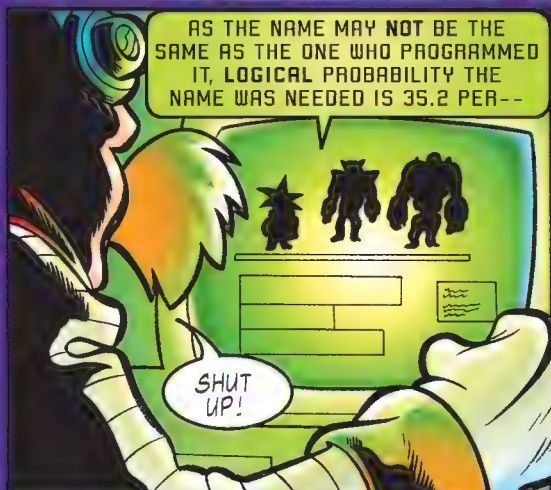


ARE THERE **NO**
IMAGES? EVEN A
SHAPE FOR ME
TO GO ON?



YES, FATHER. A SPLIT SECOND
SHOT FROM THE MEMORY BANKS OF
DESIGNATION FLYING FROG.

WELL,
WHOEVER IT IS
IS AS **TALL** AS
I AM.



ROMY CHACON ART MAWHINNEY JIM AMASH
WRITER PENCILER INKER
JASON JENSEN J. POWELL
COLORIST LETTERER

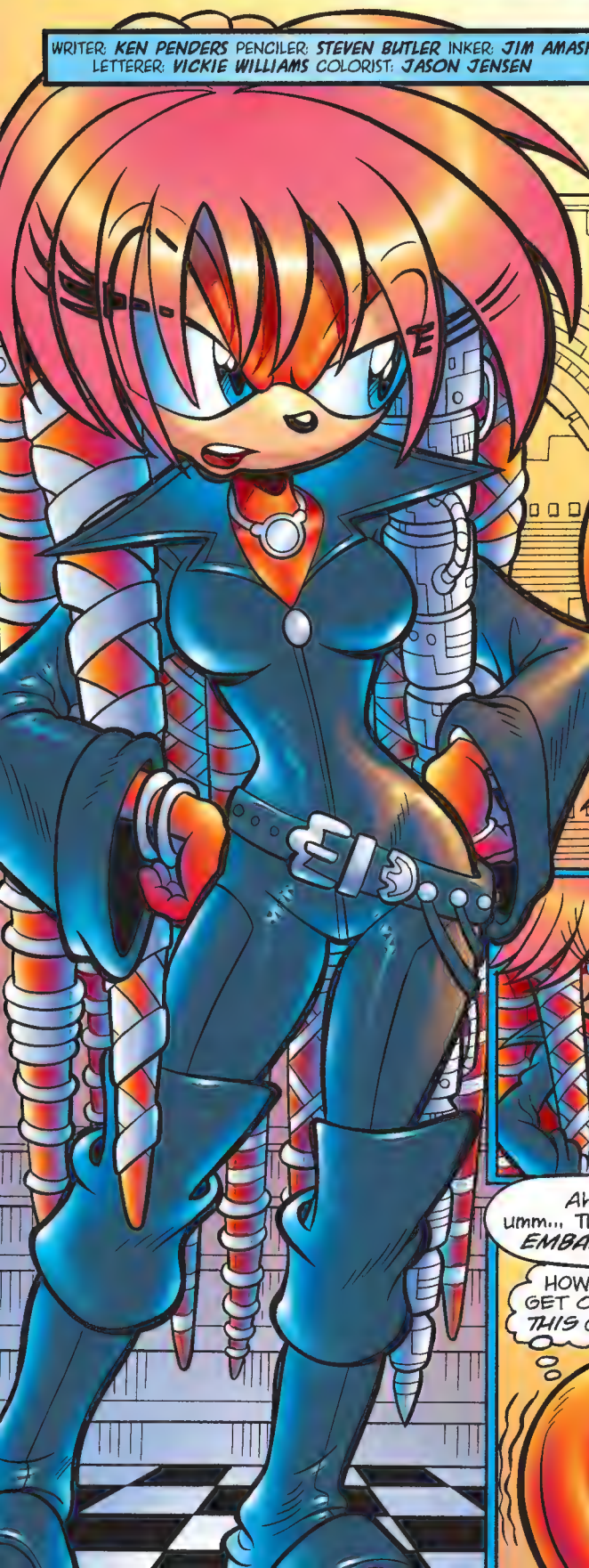
END.

INDUBIUS

25 YEARS LATER

DEALING WITH THE DEVIL

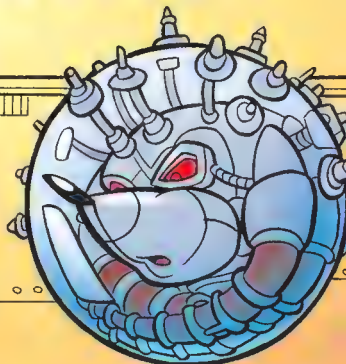
WRITER: KEN PENDERS PENCILER: STEVEN BUTLER INKER: JIM AMASH
LETTERER: VICKIE WILLIAMS COLORIST: JASON JENSEN



ALL RIGHT,
YOUNG MAN--

--LET'S
HAVE IT!

(GROAN)
I WISH I
WERE **DEAD**
RIGHT NOW!



I WASN'T GOING TO
SAY ANYTHING IN FRONT
OF **SALMA'S** MOTHER--

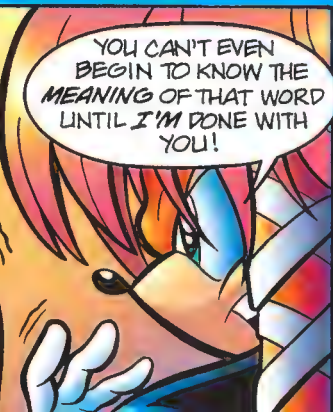
--BUT **NEITHER** OF YOU
WERE WITH **ANY** OF YOUR
FRIENDS **LAST** NIGHT--

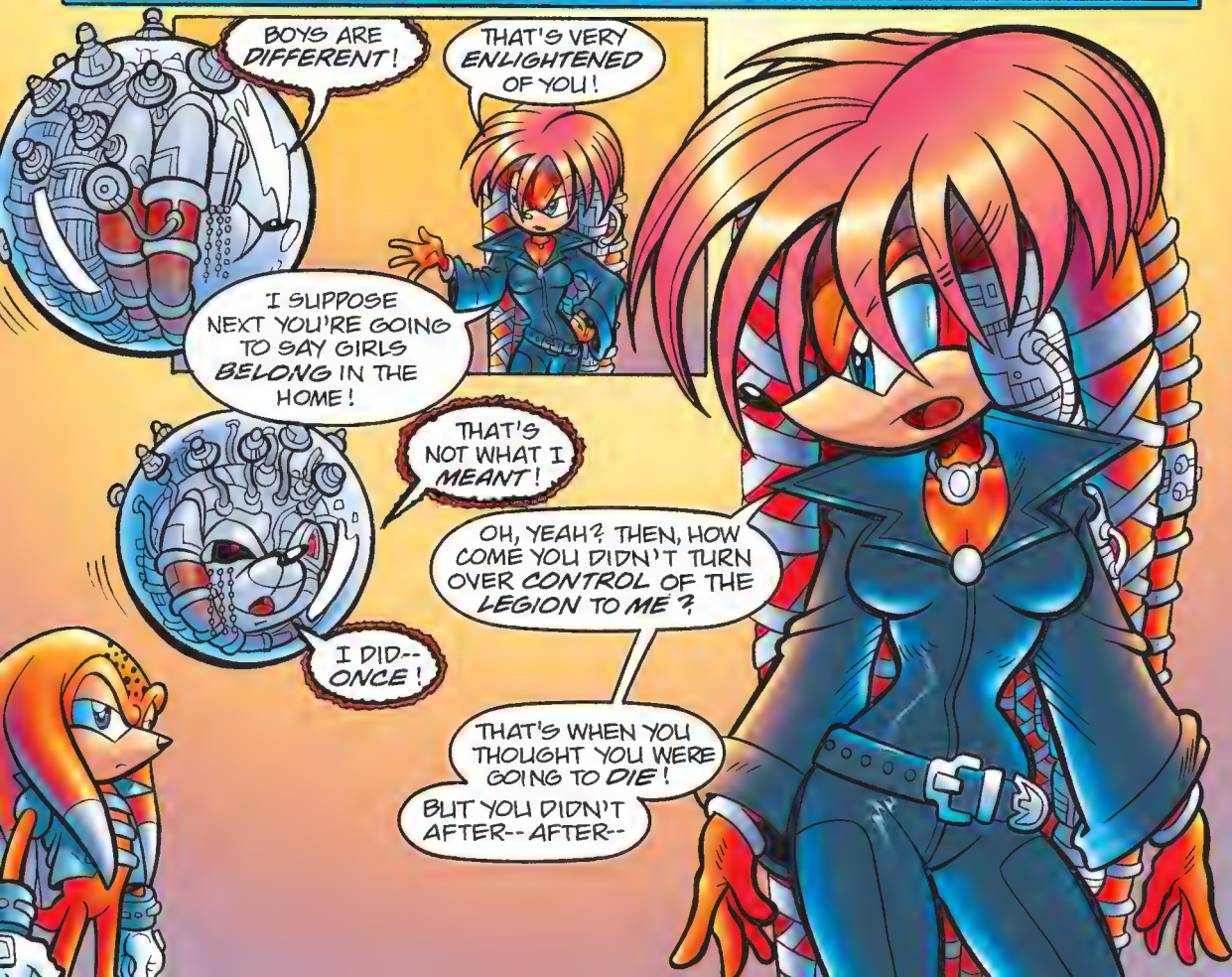
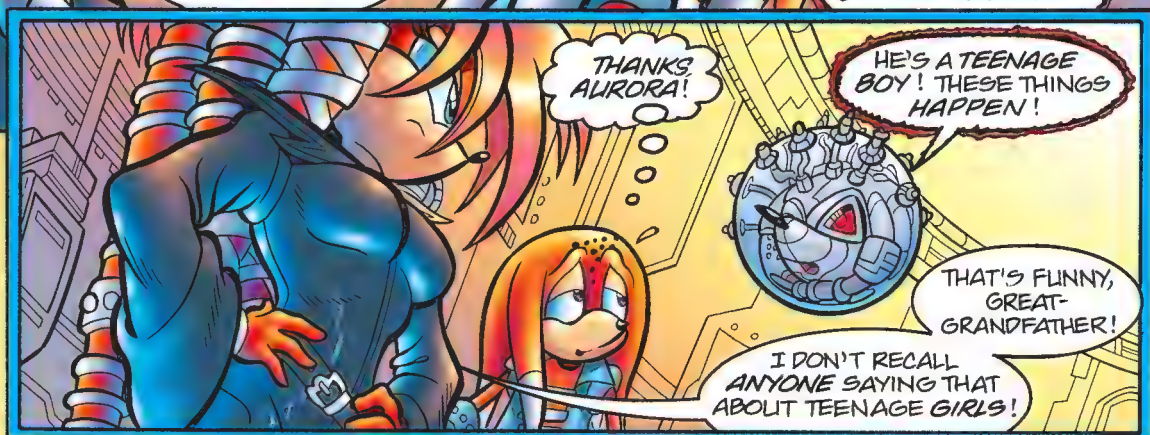
--SO NOW
I WANT THE
TRUTH!

Ahh...er...
umm... THIS COULD GET
EMBARRASSING!

HOW DO I
GET OUT OF
THIS ONE?

YOU CAN'T EVEN
BEGIN TO KNOW THE
MEANING OF THAT WORD
UNTIL I'M DONE WITH
YOU!





-- AFTER MY
LAST ENCOUNTER WITH
ROBOTNIK ?

SINCE WHEN DID YOU
HAVE A CHANGE OF HEART ?
OR, IN YOUR CASE, A CHANGE
OF HARD DRIVE ?

THIS ISN'T
THE TIME
TO CHANGE
IDEOLOGY
ON ME !

"HIS *EMPIRE* CRUMBLING ALL AROUND HIM, HE SOUGHT
ME OUT WITH A LAST DITCH PLAN TO SAVE EVERYTHING--

"--AND BECAME *ENRAGED*
WHEN I WOULDN'T ! "

ARE YOU
SAYING IT'S MY
FAULT YOU'RE THE
WAY YOU ARE ?

BECAUSE I
WASN'T THERE TO
HELP OUT ?

THAT'S SO
UNFAIR !

GO,
GRANDFATHER !

I DON'T
BLAME YOU FOR WHAT
HAPPENED !

I BLAME YOU
BECAUSE YOU ONLY
ACTED IN YOUR OWN
SELF-INTERESTS
AFTER !

SOMEBODY HAD TO
MAKE SOME DECISIONS !
YOU CERTAINLY WERE IN
NO CONDITION TO !

BESIDES, WHAT
HAS THAT HAVE TO DO
WITH MY SON ?

I, AT LEAST,
NEVER *DISOBEYED*
ANY OF YOUR
EDICTS !

THAT
I'M AWARE
OF !

I *STILL* WANT TO
KNOW *WHAT* HE DID
LAST NIGHT !

WELL ?

